Brooklyn, Aug. 24, 1835.

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My dear Henry:

Our esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gray, leave Brooklyn this morning for Boston. If I had time, I would send an epistle regularly drawn up, instead of a hasty note. We are all on the tiptoe of expectation, and wait with great impatience for the arrival of the mail this forenoon. It may be, after all, that the Faneuil Hall meeting will prove any thing but satisfactory to the fiery spirits of the South, for they have already declared, that to "rebuke" the fanatics will effect nothing, and that they will be satisfied with nothing short of the suppression of anti-slavery presses by legal enactments or mobocratic violence. As for ourselves, you know, we care not what course the enemy pursues — whether he threatens or rebukes, whether he is placable or furious, our cause is sure, and will go ahead.

The quietude of Brooklyn is refreshing to my spirit. It seems as if the moral elements had suddenly become hushed, and that violence, oppression and sin no longer abounded in our land. Would it were so indeed!

Next Thursday afternoon, the Windham County Anti-Slavery Society will hold a quarterly meeting at Pomfret, at which my presence is expected.

Ask brother Knapp to procure another bill of the types for which Mr. Parrish owes us, and send it on to me by the first opportunity. It is worth attending to immediately, for Mr. P. is liable to be removed at any moment.

Is puss drowned yet? If so, write me the particulars of the cat-astrophe. Poor thing! in sincerity we will exclaim, "Requies-cat in pace."

Unless you and friend K. supply me pretty freely and very regularly with letters and papers, I shall not be able to content myself here long, away from the field of strife. I trust Mr. K. will examine all the papers carefully, and cut out of them every paragraph that meets his eyes relative to our subject.

Father's health and spirits are very good—much better than when I was here last. He even talks of making a trip to Boston, but he could hardly be persuaded to go on the rail-road. All the rest of the family are well.

Little Anna grows more and more interesting, and affords us all a great deal of amusement and pleasure.

As much love as a letter can carry is sent to you by ale in Friendship's Valley.

Take good care of yourself—the same advice to brother May, to whom give much love from me and all the household—ditto to brother Knapp.

We shall depend upon you for a letter quite frequently.

Yours, anxiously and affectionately,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

N. B. Send me New-York as well as Boston papers. Can you get me a copy of the Anti-Abolitionist?

Mr. Henry E. Benson,

46, Washington-Street,

Boston, Ms.

By Politeness of Rev. Mr. Gray